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CORADDI

the fall of 1976

***the university of north carolina
at greensboro***



CREDITS

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Photography

Paul Braxton: inside front cover.

Keith Kolischak: cover, inside back cover, pages four, ten
and fourteen.

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*The Sun Shines On Those
Who Seek Her Warmth*


To me she is alive
And to her I look for my life
She lives on a hill above the valley
And she swims nude in the lake that
Shines with the brilliance of a star at sunset
I go to her to find my happiness
And in her house I find flowers
Which brighten when I enter.

She is 425 years today
She is the witch of death
She wears pointed boots and
A long black robe
But she smiles when I visit her.

She dances with the grace and dignity of
A Queen and she chose me for her partner.
When there is a storm following me
She brings sunshine into my day.
She was the wife of a nobleman and
Mistress of a king.
She has twelve children
The youngest is fifty years.

My sisters, mother and father died
When I was six.
But I no longer have a sister
And my mother and father are alive,
No one understands.

POETRY



The small town where I was a
Child sent me away before I could understand why.
The ants marched and I felt my revenge
At the horror of rebuilding.

She is 425 years today
She is the witch of death
She wears pointed boots and a long black robe
And she smiles when I visit her.

On my 14th birthday she
Gave me a nightingale which only
Sang in the darkness
I covered its cage with silk
And it sang itself to death.

She is the witch of death
She has given to those who ask
What they ask.
She is 425 years today
And we love her
She is the witch of death
And we love her
She wears pointed boots and a long black robe
And we love her.
She smiles when we visit her
And we love her.

She is the witch of death and
The power of her magic
Is within us
Without us she will die
And we will live in peace forever.
My sister will return to us
The nightingale will sing to the sun when it rises.

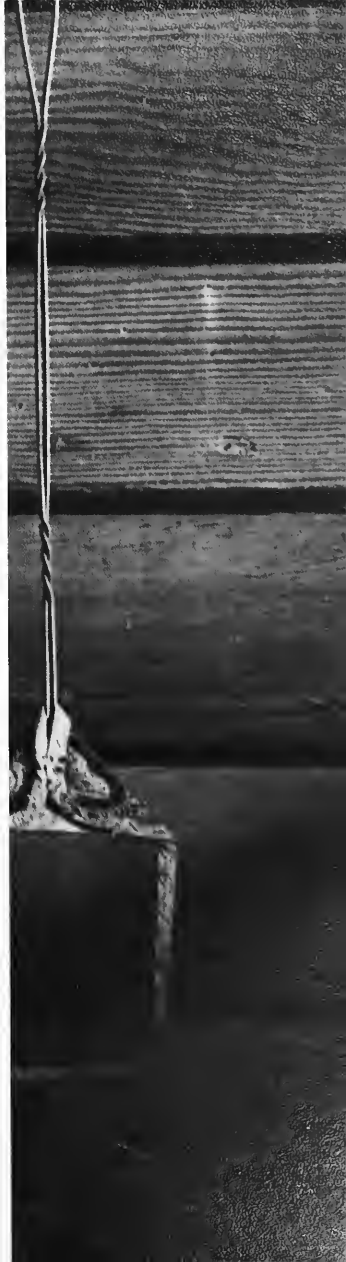
Roger Oates

"Ego haec, ego arte fabricata rustica . . . "

Wanderer: I, made by the art of rustics,
I this dry tree, overlook this tiny
leftward field you see, and the
impoverished owner's hut and garden,
and prevent the crimes of larcenous hands.
In spring I get a colored wreath.
In summer, reddened grain.
The sweet, green-veined grapes are mine:
I get the fallen olive, dried by frost.
From my pastures the tender goat brings
milk-filled udders into town.
From my folds the fattened ewe
returns a hand weighted down with coin.
The soft calf spills its blood before
temples, while its mother lows.
So, wanderer, make this god revered,
hold back your hand: it will be better for you.
You see my prick which is raised for blows?
"Let's see" you say. The guard is coming:
He'll tear this prick of mine off and
use it as a billy-club; you'll feel
his strength.

Translated from the Latin of C. Valerius Catullus (c. 84–54 B.C.)

Jason Grendahl, trans.



An abstract black line drawing on the left margin of the page. It consists of several thick, dark, irregular lines. One line starts at the top left and curves downwards. Another line starts further down and curves upwards. A third line starts near the bottom and curves upwards. These lines are set against a light background.

The Adonis

in Saddleshoes

The Greek god of the cafeteria set
With a tray lined with empty milk glasses
As numerous as the conquests of the day
Passes in one of many pastel outfits
He adorns his athletic body with.
Lonely girls turn their heads
Sigh and giggle
And whisper of his pouncing on a friend
During one of his various trips to the gym
To keep his svelte body in tip-top shape.
He pushes his hair back
For that run-your-fingers-through look
Blink his big baby blues which match his slacks
And heads for a jog around
The female dorms
With his open front jogging shirt
And short shorts guaranteed for best effects.

Marilynn Byerly

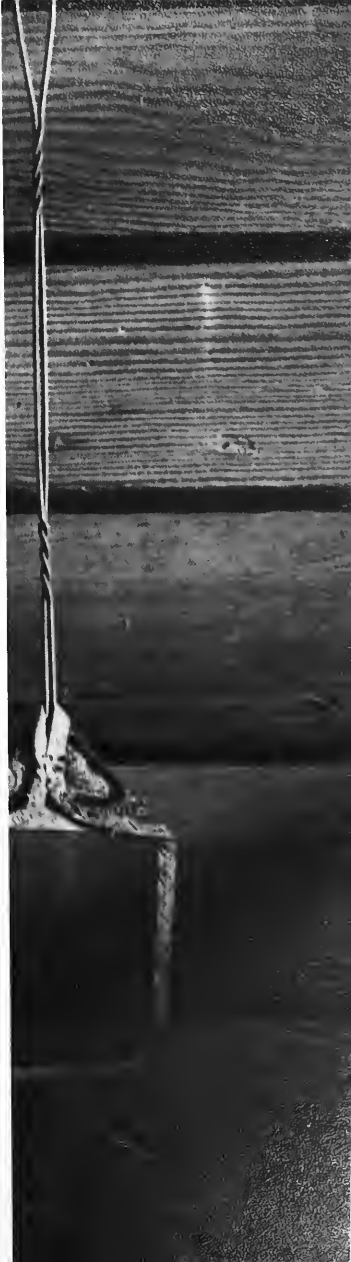
god i had forgotten how the snow burns oh how it burns
falling down on naked heads slowing, then stilling the
fingers of the once-great musician. after moments of
regret we pack up and move inside. the Fire warms his hands
and melts the ice from his hair and beard and fingers,
releasing them to play once more.

John Evans at the banjo,
floating through the night lands
of Cherokee,
Edgemont,
Byron . . .

traces imagery in the air of a thousand million stark white
pines, piercing the blanket of snow
the Fire warms his hands and melts the blue ridge into a
jug of home-made rum
and we give thanks silently for the Fire
for the rum
and for John Evans

our voices mingle like the blood of indian brothers
this is the song of evening and
of snow at Evan's Crossroads

Jason Grendahl



Waking then was like dreaming.
Yes, and the dream did not seem
At all real. The light from the
Tie-dyed curtains flowed down your face
Like colored rivers of light.
The smokey incense filled the crevices
Of the room — it lingers even now.
Sitting cross-legged, naked, we woke
Slowly to jasmine tea and jasmine scent
On that holiest of jasmine mornings.
Waking then was like dreaming.

Jason Grendahl



Concorde Conquered

(To Joyce Kilmer)

You said that you might never see
A poem as lovely as a tree.
By your so doing I suppose
I, too, have freedom to transpose
The meaning of most any word
Although it sounds somewhat absurd.

Then may I call a jet a poem
Until it lands to bring me home?

I know that I have never met
A poem as lovely as a jet,
Whose turbine engines suck the air
To lift the mass they have to bear.
If Daedalus, who put wax to test,
Had known that aluminium's best!

And though it takes the fuel to waste,
Flying onward in such haste,
I first would fly a bird so regal.

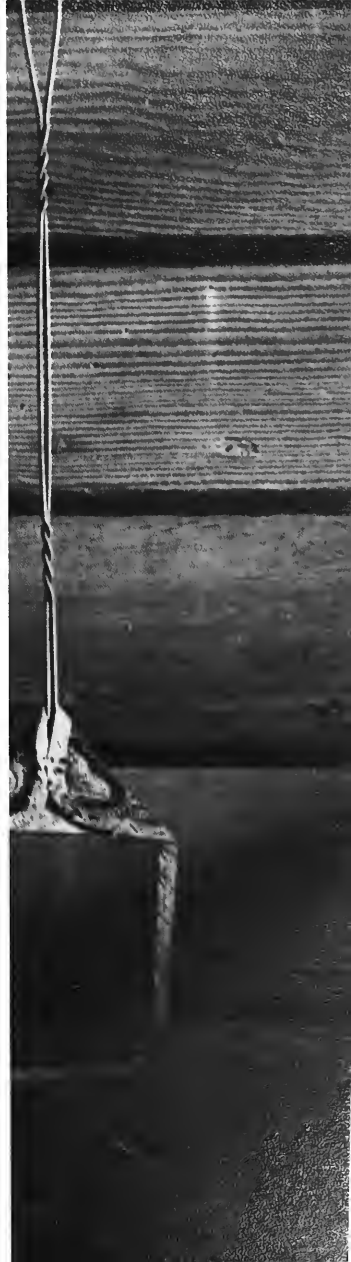
What has become of the American Eagle?

Birds are born with agile wings
While men are borne by fragile wings.
So nature is the finest art.
However, I could not depart
From here and get to there tonight
Flying sparrow or bobwhite.

What this is to hold a plane
Needs more than fuel to sustain;
To lift its wings and tail; this bird.
If not for science, how absurd!
The elements the engines seethe.
The very substances we breathe!

Ken Buckingham

DIVERSIONS



The Ballad of Sherlock Holmes

Sherlock Holmes was canny and his observations many
And he had a nose for sniffing out the facts.

Not until some nasty mugger could surrender to this bugger
Could our poor friend Sherlock sit down and relax.

But the muggers, they were many, and old Sherlock was not plenty
Even if we counted Watson, which we won't

And it seemed that every morning brought a different case a-borning
Until poor old Sherlock screamed and shouted "don't!"

Well, now, Watson was a-staring as old Sherlock was a-swearing
And he wrote down in his notebood "mania"

Sherlock saw him and he snorted "My career will be aborted—
Friend, I need some rest or I'll go zania!"

Watson beamed with inspiration and he said, with hesitation,
"Sherlock, why not go and visit Baskerville?

Why, the prospect won't be daunting, and they've got some lovely
Hunting."

"Capital, Dear Watson, yes, I think I will!"

But the Baskervilles had trouble and the trouble seemed to double
In the eerie shape of one gigantic hound.

And Poor Sherlock started crying as he saw his rest trip dying
And he wished he hadn't thought to come around.

Now the moral to this story—If you do not like to worry
You will find as good solution this alone—

If partners with their myst'ries want to tell you all their hist'ries
You can tell them that you simply are not Holmes.

Diana Wilder

Darradock Lane

In Darradock Lane where a few herbs yet grow,
Live the Bears Grunchen still, after the snow
That almost had killed them last early December.
They want to forget; but will always remember.
Where did the Darradock sassafras go?

The forest surrounding old Darradock Lane,
Remembers and prays that it won't come again.
Mama Bear Grunchen looks out from her lawn,
Only to find all the sassafras gone.
She searches much further but only in vain.

Papa Bear Grunchen now misses his teas,
Once made from the Darradock sassafras leaves.
His favorite herb she would pick from the grove,
And boil for some time in a pot on the stove.
Then into the Grunchen's mugs after the sieve.

No one else had known of this rarity,
Of Mama Bear Grunchen's sassafras tea.
At such a harsh northerly latitude
It was Darradock Lane's blessed beatitude.
Between them and nature — sincere harmony.

Down Darradock Lane and into a village,
A small store now stands on some farmer's old tillage
Selling cookies and whiskey and sassafras tea.
The Grunchen Bears shop there each Monday at three
And the walk becomes longer, the longer they age.

Ken Buckingham





The Leviathan

One of the last concerns to ever occupy the material mind of Norwell Johnwrist was the irony of Cindy's refusal to accompany him that afternoon to the Carnival of God. Being of neutral persuasion himself, he could imagine no greater thrill for a Christian than a ride on the Locust Spin or a trek through Little Eden. His own fascination, of course, was with the touring Leviathan.

**-Craig
Miller**

"You're sick, Norwell," Cindy had told him the night before as they lounged barefooted upon the beanbags in her apartment. "I feel guilty for even letting you talk me into seeing the movie."

"Why on earth should you feel guilty?" he asked, complacently sipping his gingerale. "The script for *The Leviathan* came right out of the chapter of Revelations."

"The beast was the only thing from Revelations," she said. "The rest of the script was typical B horror movie with a little smut thrown in."

"B?" He was incredulous. "They paid Durville 850,000 bucks for the screenplay! Just the various robots they used for the beast cost twice as much as *The Exorcist*. That's no B production!"

"It's a sacrilege, no matter what they spent on it," she said. "Which I'm sure doesn't bother you." She noticed his eyes following the arc of the silver cross between her breasts and self-consciously buttoned her blouse.

"I read a letter about it in *Newsweek* from a Jesuit priest," said Norwell. "He thought it had quite a bit of spiritual significance."

"And you believe it, of course," she said contemptuously.

"I didn't say I necessarily believed it," he said. He paused, then added, "I can't say I *disbelieve* it . . ."

"Oh, I forgot," she said wearily. "You don't necessarily believe anything, just partially believe everything. Sometimes I could stand you better if you were an atheist!" He hadn't noticed yet, but she was beginning to boil.

FICTION

"I have an open mind," he said. "That's why the Leviathan interests me. I like to ponder these things . . ."

"Oh, bullshit!"

"Naughty, naughty," he cautioned. "The Lord is listening!"

"You drive me to it," she said. "You know very well people don't go to that movie to learn about Revelations. They go to see other people get burned up."

"How can you speak for God?" he asked. "Even providing God is what you say it is . . ."

"It?" she nearly shrieked. "It? You'd think we were talking about a cardboard box!"

"I refuse to assign gender or other human properties to something I've never seen." His answer reflected, he thought, the perfect serenity of a Zen monastery pool. He prided himself on never losing his temper in these discussions.

Cindy, on the other hand, frequently got mad as hell. Norwell, approximately four seconds later, had found himself in the hall of the apartment building with cold gingerale trickling down his pants. He had driven home half-barefooted and one of his imitation Earth shoes was still being held pending further negotiations.

He realized that she was at least partially right. As the billboards for the Carnival of God (exhorting countryside travelers to "See the BEAST from *THE LEVIATHAN!*")

became more frequent, the tingling in his stomach involuntarily sharpened his awareness of his real motives. The attraction that drew him to the Leviathan was the same that had impelled him to see *Gorgo* when he was six. And secretly, he did like to see people get stepped on.

But anyway, he rationalized, the creature must have had some value as a spiritual symbol to have lasted for so long in religious mythology. Wasn't it possible that even terrible things could have significance as thoughts in the mind of God? Whatever *that* was?

Norwell was so wrapped up in his theological conversation with himself that he never saw the shadow of the thing, even as it rolled down the sparkling black asphalt hill toward his car. The ungodly scale-edged skreech came too late for his ears to register.

Cindy Siber, at least, might have found it comforting to know that when the red seven-headed, ten-horned flying dragon impacted on top of his Pinto, Norwell's last thoughts were of God.

This is how it happened, though it may never matter: On the fair-ground at the Carnival of God, some ten miles away, there was to be a demonstration of the mechanical versatility of the winged dragon, for the sake of both curious and

pious ticket buyers. Nothing so spectacular, just a mild display of snarling, eye-rolling and a little screeching to prove that the dragon was as close to the real article as you would want to see at close range.

But: On the way to the Gemini-sized control booth in the creature's tail, one Randall Brilsac, a young studio technician who had classed out of the movie and onto the tour, was entertained briefly by a giggling Eve, one of the seven at Little Eden, and her cannister of nitrous oxide. Consequently, when he accidentally tripped the switch activating eight of the sixteen jet engines under the scale-shaped vents on Leviathan's white belly, he considered it a laughing matter. Flying a corkscrew pattern over the heads of the terrified spectators, the dragon rocketed out of sight. It was less than thirty seconds later that the aforementioned screech and a thundering crash were heard from miles away.

Norwell, of course, did not survive the disaster and fortunately for Brilsac, neither did he. The Leviathan was also a casualty, but that didn't matter so much. They had five more.

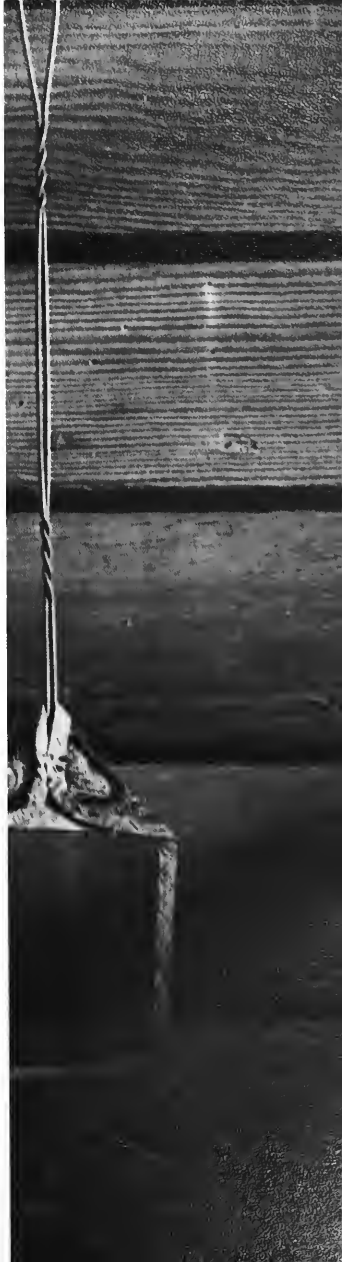
How could he know exactly when he began to think again? It was no more possible than it had been the time before.

*Waves.
Particles.
The scents of light.
And memory . . .*

For a full week after he had met her at New Crisis Corner, the switchboard and half-way house where they both worked, Norwell and Cindy made altogether pleasant conversation over their nightly coffee. He had thought this particular ship was coming in very well until the unfortunate night when he had dropped that humorous one-liner of Bertrand Russell's in reference to the Gospel of Luke. It had gotten ugly — to the point of his being pelted in the ear with her rather syrupy Raisin'n Nutz bun.

That, he had thought, ended it all with her. He had been surprised to find himself sweetly reinstated in her sweet favor the following night. She had solemnly apologized and halved with him her Raisin'n Nutz bun. He had not quite believed it until she reminded him that forgiveness was a thing with her people. Ah yes, he had remembered then, *forgiveness*. He had eaten his portion of the bun. Remembering the way the syrup had felt in his ear, he did not enjoy it, but he appreciated the symbolism of the gesture.

He would learn in time that she could forgive him for being a free thinker, Buddhist, Hindu or even a



Unitarian. What she would never forgive him was his being nothing at all.

At times his body felt like a fluid and at other times like a gas. It seemed that he was drifting in all directions at once.

He could think and he could feel. He knew this wasn't a dream and that should have frightened him but it didn't. It couldn't. The experience of fear requires a stomach and a few nerves, at the very least.

He perceived points of light and heat passing through him and wondered if they were stars.

The boy's blue eyes were as calm as sleeping pools. Though he had spent the entire afternoon in a full-lotus on the hot sidewalk in front of Crisis Corner, he was hardly perspiring. The sun beamed radiantly from the smooth surface of his shaved head.

"I can acknowledge the possibility," Norwell was saying. "But I don't see any real proof."

"Your life is proof," replied the boy.

"Hmm," Norwell said. "What about my death then?"

"What about it?" the boy asked.

"Or my relationship with the Creator? I don't really feel I have

one." Norwell realized suddenly that had he been talking to Cindy, she would have damned him with her agreement.

But the boy didn't. He was like a big agreeable karma pudding, impossible to firmly grasp. "Thoughts," he said. "We are all merely thoughts."

Norwell shrugged, gave him a quarter then hurried on toward the air-conditioned record store.

It was the fish that landed Norwell Johnwrist back in the world so soon.

He had given up trying to figure out where he was and why he could think and feel but none of those other things. He was thoroughly tired of trying to solve philosophical puzzles. So he just allowed the soft blur of memories to spin past.

He was remembering the trip to the coast he had taken before his rendezvous with the Leviathan when he found one image taking on peculiar significance for no apparent reason. It was the memory of a large porpoise he had seen from the edge of a pier one afternoon when watching for ships. The porpoise stuck in his mind because of the way it had circled continuously around the supports of the pier with an almost human curiosity.

After his thoughts had passed on to other things, Norwell noticed

that the memory of the porpoise began to reappear with undue frequency and increasing intensity. It gradually occurred to him that he could see the porpoise. And then the ocean around it.

The sun and the salt tingling on the leathery oval of his back came as suddenly as had his death. Delight issued from his lungs as a thin, shrill squeal, like a clown's horn.

"So you've read books," she said. "And talked to people. Have you talked to God?"

"No," he said. "If you should see Him around, though, you might mention . . ."

"Norwell, I'm sick of your sarcasm."

"I'm sorry," he said. "But father-surrogate gods just don't appeal to me."

"You seem to have a great many more ideas about what God isn't than about what He is."

He considered the remark for almost a minute. "I think that might be a fair statement," he said finally.

For some irrational reason, when the killer whale closed in, Norwell thought it was the end. Again.

But though the pain was quite terrible, Norwell survived. The porpoise did not.

He was delighted to sense the air and sea about him, to realize that he must be indestructible. He supposed that he had complete control over his incarnations and attempted to become the whale. It amazed him to find that he could not.

After that he ended up on that damn crazy island. He would never understand how.

"You argue Buddhism with Cindy and existentialism with that Siddhartha kid who sits outside," accused the darkhaired young man. "So why do you try to sell me on Nirvana?" The Paul Twitchell pendant dangling from his neck beamed like a searchlight in Norwell's face.

"I'm not trying to sell you on anything," said Norwell. "I'm trying to make you consider other possibilities . . ."

"Why? Conversations with you never go anywhere."

"Of course not," replied Norwell. "I don't expect absolute conclusions."

"You know something, Norwell?" asked the young man. "Nothingness would be more than Nirvana to you. It'd be Paradise!"

The entire island was no bigger than a suburban lawn, totally flat and as perfectly circular as a penny.

In the island's center was a black hole, also perfectly circular and apparently bottomless. The sand was so transparent that Norwell could see his palm through a handful. There was no surf. Waves reached the edge of the beach, then rebounded in a counter current.

In the long unrecorded amount of time that he spent there, Norwell saw a Mariner Flying Fortress, five P-51 fighter planes and dozens of other aircraft fly erratic courses in the sky overhead before disintegrating and raining on the island as fine, transparent sand. He peered thousands of times into the opaque hole. He spied scores of ships passing nearby, magnified as through a lens by some trick of the atmosphere so that he could see the deck crews in their outdated and occasionally ancient uniforms. He tried to keep a diary in the sand. He walked in unending circles.

One day, the strain of the insoluble mysteries and unending circles toppled his endurance. With a frustrated scream, Norwell viciously wiped away the words of a philosophical essay he had been writing in the transparent sand and took a running leap into the hole.

Remembering Alice's rabbit hole, he wondered if he would see shelves of marmalade on the way down. But this hole contained no such wonderful folderol. It was just a black hole.

"And you must realize," Norwell said to the bearded, spectacled man, "that atheism is also a bias."

"Of course," replied the other, clasping his hands on the mahogany desktop so that the ebony faced ring shone in the florescent light. "A commitment to any philosophical position is a bias. I have never attempted to foist my biases on others, either in my private practice or here at the switchboard."

"Of course," said Norwell. "But aren't you afraid of becoming so entrenched that you lose your perspective?"

"You have no perspective until you take some position," said the bearded man.

"Which involves risk," said Norwell.

"Certainly," the bearded man said. He leaned back in the swivel chair, crossing his arms. "Well, now that we've discussed my beliefs thoroughly, what about yours? What are your own 'biases'?"

"I have no biases," Norwell replied loftily.

"Oh," said the bearded man.

When the velocity of his free fall began to exceed the speed of light, Norwell was strictly compelled by the laws of physics to get out of the universe. Involuntarily, he complied and found himself back in the void.

Once again, the enigmatic points of light and heat were his only perceptions and memory his only pastime. Norwell's entire life had sifted through his consciousness wearying and countless times when he realized, with a gutless thrill, that he was about to take form again. An image was taking hold.

The memory was of the New York skyline at night, from the outskirts of the city. He had been driving towards Canada when he had seen it the first time, but now it seemed that he remembered gazing on the colossi of stone and light from a level field. The starlight paled in the brilliance of the buildings. What would he now be, he wondered. A face behind one of the million lighted windows? A stray dog in a back alley?

The travel into form was nothing more dramatic than the sparkling of light over glass. It was done in a moment.

He hummed up the height of the buildings and back down thousands of times in a single second. He touched the city and the earth in a million places. In the wake of the brief marvel given an electric mind, he quickly wondered what the devil he had become. Suddenly he realized. He was the City.

Not the streets, the living things, or the buildings but all the light that was in or around them. The electric light. That's what he was.

"If it's trash," Cindy said, "I'm going to walk out." The line, coiled like a serpent around an entire block, had just dragged itself forward another few feet. They were now within sight of the ticket office.

"You'd break your promise after we stood in line forty-five minutes just to get in?" Norwell asked.

"I said I'd come," replied Cindy. "I didn't say I'd stay."

"Relax, you'll love it," said Norwell. "It's almost Biblical. What could be wrong with it?"

"Plenty," said Cindy. "I'm sure it's no Christian work by any means. Some magazine I was reading said that there was no representation of God in the entire picture."

"Sure there is," said Norwell. "The beast represents God and the devil in one being."

"That explains why it appeals to you then," she said.

"What do you mean?" asked Norwell.

"It's just the sort of film for someone who claims that God is nothing one minute and that He's everything the next."

"I never made either of those claims," he replied. "What I said was that God could be nothing. Or that, inversely, he *could* be everything." He loved the calmly reasonable quality of his answer.

"Dammit, Norwell!" she said. "You're are driving me crazy with that sort of crap!" She balled her fists as if to begin pounding him, then forcibly unclenched them. It was her misfortune to have promised Norwell, in one of their more tranquil moments together, never again to physically assault him for his opinions. That had been almost a week now and she wondered how much longer she could hold out.

Hours may have passed in the time that he was the light of the New York skyline, or seconds. He had stopped trying to measure moments. Time meant nothing.

Then in an instant the current stopped. Again he was formless. The Blackout had fallen over the city.

(But that had happened years ago, years before the Leviathan. Time was not only non-linear, he reflected, it was a fucking maelstrom!)

The void took him back, but didn't hold him long. The formlessness felt unpleasant this time, like dashing over an electric grid. His thoughts were multiple, of a thousand forms he had never seen, thus could not be. His ass, he thought, itched, though he did not have one.

Then something turned in his shapeless mind and the pictures

came. Another city. He was floating above it.

Evening and springtime. People were sitting on the steps of buildings and in the cool yards. And throughout the city, thousands of windows were open to let in the last wind of the day. Thousands of open windows.

He became the thousands of open windows.

Cindy had lasted out the first forty minutes of the film (a little more than he had really expected) before leaving in a huff. It was the violence which commenced with the first appearance of the Leviathan which proved too much.

But as Norwell sat alone with the shadows flickering upon his face, the coke Cindy had spilled in her hasty exit soaking slowly into his imitation Earth shoes, he was unmindful of her absence. The special effects of *The Leviathan* were awesome. So was the myth.

What a paradox, he thought, was the Leviathan, the terrible beast of God. How assured the creature was in its destiny and how beautiful in a darkly special way . . .

Through the modern miracle of Technicolor, Norwell experienced the tinglings of a rapture he would never fully understand.

Chill winds came with the night. And the windows closed, one by one.

In the void he began again to ponder himself, as he had before his death. The feeling of control over his incarnations had been an illusion. The forms he had been shuttled into seemed, arbitrary, insane and short-lived.

He was not given long to question. Waves rippled through him and he was swept down lines of undimensioned force. Back into form, identity. And another place.

Earthy smelling winds whistled upon his new back from someplace deep and he opened his eyes in darkness. He was in a cave or cavern apparently. A strange turning of the blood in his ears told him that this place was far beneath the ground and well-hidden.

But his body. It felt massive, heavy, and wrinkled from long slumber. What was he now? His eyes grew slowly accustomed to the dark and he found that he had many of them. When he finally gained enough sight to see himself, he discovered that he was also equipped with the entrails to be stunned.

He was the Leviathan. The real one.

Impelled by reason barely, but instinct mainly, he began to make his way to the mouth of the hidden cave. He was an animal now and an angel too. Things had begun to stir in him that he would never understand.

On the night before the robot Leviathan landed upon him, Norwell saw a confrontation between himself and Cindy atop the roof of Crisis Corner, in the last dream he ever had. It seemed that she was piling the disconnected phones of Crisis Corner into a pile in the center of the roof while he tugged at the sleeve of her translucent robe, frantically urging her to come with him to the Carnival of God. The asphalt road which led out of the city shone far below.

"Poor fool," she said softly. "Stay and help me gather the phones." She balanced one of the telephones on the tip of her finger while the receiver floated in the air.

"We've got to go to the Carnival," he said thickly. The roof seemed impossibly close to the sky. "We have to get down before He sees us!"

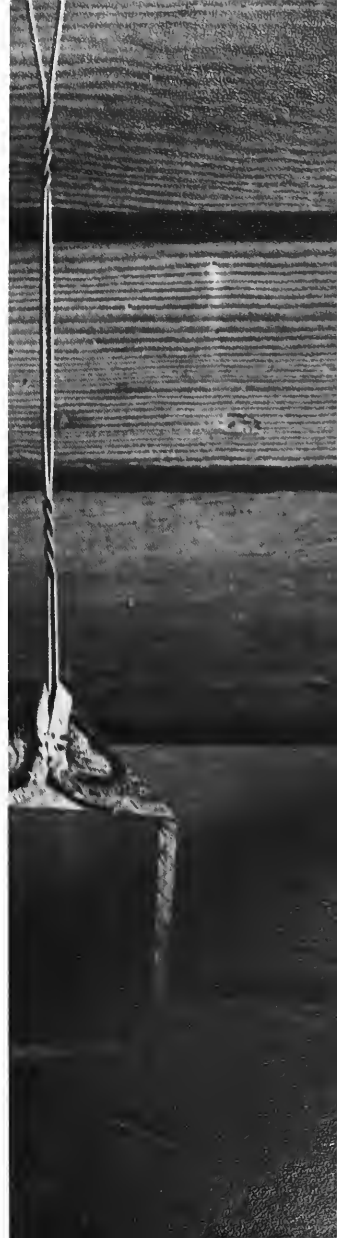
"It won't mind," she said. "It's time to gather our clocks now. The phones turned into clocks. She laughed brightly.

"I'm going to die," he said. "You've got to stop making jokes."

"Do you think I'm joking, Norwell?" she asked, eyes sparkling. "Do you think we're playing jokes?"

"Yes," he said, bewildered. "Jokes."

She laughed again and turned a graceful pirouette, leaving translucent trails of her arms floating in the air like dozens of dragonfly



wings. When she stopped, the filmy robe lay at her ankles. Behind her, a telephone receiver slithered from the pile of clocks and floated in the air like a cobra. While she took him, a funeral dirge buzzed distantly from the mouthpiece.

Lightning began to streak the sky at the onset of their ecstatic groans, but instead of thunder, the dark clouds issued only a continual whoosh-whoosh like that sound made by one hand clapping.

He found the surface of the earth. The night wind was not long drying his wings. He turned his seven heads upon himself and found his body dark and greenly beautiful. He turned his faces moonward and the sky itself seemed to lift him.

Up there with the clouds and the stars, his head was clear. He knew where he was going. And why.

As he passed over little towns, he made a hum like a train, and windows closed. Phantoms on islands thought his dark silhouette a lost jet. And as he passed over New York, he blotted out most of the light in the skyline and a third of the visible stars in the heavens.

The new Leviathan provided by the studio towered as imposingly over the lot of the Carnival of God as a reptilian idol. Blinking coldly

with slitted eyes, the living Leviathan swooped down, feeling its excitement as of the first of many venges. He plunged his talons into the breast of the mechanical creature and then his teeth. He ripped with the viciousness of any other animal and the zeal of an angel. But . . .

Down in the breast of the robot Leviathan were four huge generators each with enough power to operate as many as one third of the rides in the Carnival amusement park. Activated by closed circuits and thrown switches. Or any other conducting bodies that touched in the wrong places.

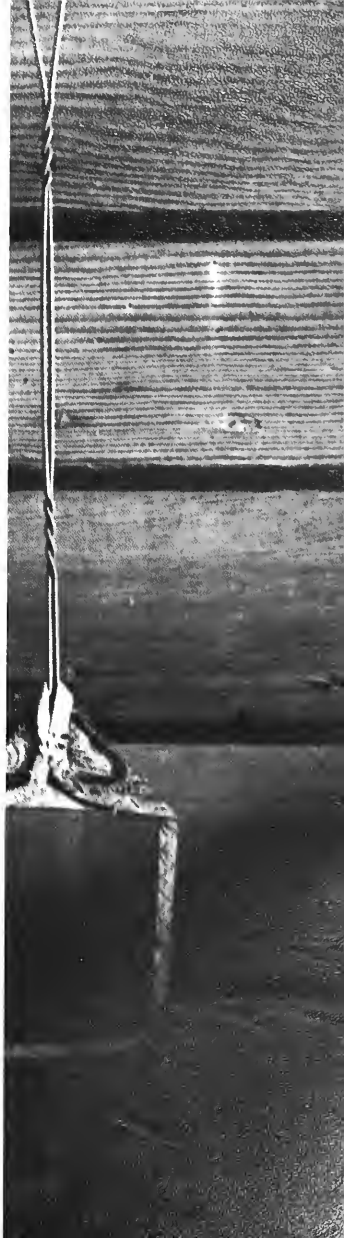
The living Leviathan plunged deep into the metallic breast with its talons and touched the wrong places. In the instant that he felt the current begin to surge into his nerve endings, Johnwrist the Leviathan knew that he would die and prepared himself for the formlessness, the next transition and the next form.

The formlessness came as the creature fell to the cool asphalt lot, but it was formlessness of an altogether different sort. There would be no more forms, no more births.

Darkness closed in like the point of a prism. Johnwrist was dead.

And the Leviathan, of course, was destroyed.

But that didn't matter so much anyway. There were plenty more.



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